

## Useful Christmas Presents

L D S  
Gar-  
ments  
Union  
Suits,  
Hose.



Silk  
Shawl,  
Mit-  
tens,  
Gloves  
Blank-  
ets,  
Etc

in great variety. We can save you  
money on FURS

Our Line of Baby's Silk Hoods, Jackets, Bootees is Complete. See  
us for Xmas presents for all.

## Logan Knitting Fact'ry

81-83 North Main Street.

W. M. SMITH.

JAMES SMITH.

## Smith Brothers,

LOGAN, UTAH.

Lumber, Lath, Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

Ready-Mixed Paints, Oils, Glass, Bolts and all  
Kind of Builder's Hardware.

Telephone, 35 2.  
Office and Yards, 132 S. Main, Logan.

Shingles \$1.85 pr thousand

## Ladies &amp; Gentlemen

Whenever You Intend to purchase

Shoes and Rubber Goods.

Please call at the Exclusive Shoe Store, by the  
First National Bank, Logan, where you will  
find a complete stock of the.....

Finest and Best Footwear.

"Small Profit and Quick Returns," is my motto.  
You will also find the Shoe Repairing First  
Class.

## Andreas Peterson

## Plenty of Money to Loan at 6

The largest and best list of  
Real Estate of all kinds for  
sale. First-class Insurance  
Company, and we do all  
kinds of legal work.

J. Z. STEWART.

## G. H. TOMAS,

SMITHFIELD, UTAH.

Conover, Cable,  
Kingsbury and  
Schaefer Pianos.  
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGANS.

## PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICE.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Sign-  
ers for further information.

In the District Court, Probate Division in and  
for Cache County, State of Utah.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Adam Sandberg, deceased.  
Creditors will present claims with vouchers  
to the undersigned at her residence at Cen-  
non, Cache County, Utah, on or before the  
15th day of April A. D. 1903.  
Date of first publication, December 17th, A.  
D. 1902.  
Arianne Sandberg, Administratrix of the  
estate of Adam Sandberg, deceased.  
J. C. Walters, Attorney.

## Mortgagee's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the  
terms of a certain chattel mortgage, dated  
November 10, 1902, filed November 11, 1902, in  
the office of the County Recorder of Cache  
County, Utah, executed by William White,  
to The First National Bank of Logan, Utah,  
(a corporation) on which there is due at the  
date of the first publication of this notice the  
sum of \$1,546, the said mortgage will be sold at  
public sale, on Monday, January 5, 1903, at  
Mendon, Cache County, Utah, at 3:30 p. m., of  
said day, the personal property described in  
said chattel mortgage, as follows:

Fifteen head of cows, three to eight years  
old, most of them branded W on left ribs,  
some other brands not known.  
Twenty-five head of coming two-year-old  
heifers and steers, same brand.  
Fifteen head of yearling heifers and steers,  
same brand.

Date of first publication, Dec. 19, 1902.  
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
OF LOGAN, UTAH,  
Mortgagee.

J. C. Walters, Attorney.

\$3 50

## Royal Blue Shoe

IS THE SOLE OF HONOR.

For sale by

James Quayle & Co

## Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS

History, ancient and modern, shows many chapters of pomp. The most  
recent was the return of the dowager empress and emperor of China to the  
Forbidden City, after the allies had triumphed and  
the indemnity had been specified. This triumphal  
said to have cost enough to have paid interest on the  
indemnity for one year. It was a matter of common  
criticism that the Chinese rulers should spend such a sum when the country  
was in dire financial straits. Triumphal parades and gorgeous itineraries are  
too often paid from the pockets of the common people. If the hol polloi are  
awed by the splendor, the worshipped is safe; if not, treason follows, and woe  
to the plutocrat who wears the gaudy coat.

He was undoubtedly a plain old Yankee who first said: "Enough is as  
good as a feast!" Fancy how his chin whiskers would have bristled could he  
have visited Cyrus, of Asia, when that ruler kept eight hundred stallions and  
sixteen thousand mares in the royal stables, and when the daily tributes paid  
him amounted to one English bushel of silver. The annual revenue of  
Assyria was computed at 1,200,000 pounds sterling—and the people paid.  
The many strikes of to-day might insinuate the condition of the laboring  
man to be hard, but consider what his labor paid for in the olden times! The  
processions and ostentations in those days were majestic and luxurious  
beyond all modern precedent. Aurelius, of Rome, headed a procession which  
was begun with twenty elephants, four royal tigers and two hundred of the  
most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east and the south.  
Sixteen hundred gladiators followed. Jewels were everywhere, the beautiful  
figure of Zenobia being so weighted with precious gems that she almost fainted  
under the pressure. The procession lasted from daylight until after dark.

When Cleopatra left her dominions to visit Antony in Cilicia she sailed  
along the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered  
with gold, the sails were of purple and the oars were silver. Music sounded  
the rhythmic beat of the propellers as the queen, dressed as Venus, lay upon  
a canopy embroidered with gold. Her maids and attendants were innumerable  
and incense burned along the shores as she proceeded.  
Pomp, pomp, pomp! for which the people paid, runs through the history  
of the past! The palace of Moctezuma at Bagdad contained 7,000 eunuchs and  
700 porters. Inside 38,000 pieces of tapestry hung, 12,500 of which were silk  
embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were 22,000 in number.  
Golden birds sat in golden trees, diamonds glittered and perfume made heavy  
the air. Can anyone guess who paid for this extravagance?

Constantine had a thousand barbers, a thousand cup-bearers, a thousand  
cooks. Darius had an army the splendor of which defies language. Angela,  
while monarch of the Eastern Empire, spent four millions sterling a day to  
maintain his household.

In viewing such displays it is a matter of genuine pride to every true  
American citizen that our education has elevated us as a nation against such  
vulgar show. There are individuals who pattern after the peacock, but the  
majority believe:

"Worth makes the man."  
The want of it, the fellow.  
The rest is all but leather—  
Or prunello!"

Not so very long ago there was a movement on in Washington to do away  
with the sword as an obsolete adjunct to military dress and usage. The claim  
at the movement was mostly felt in debating-so-  
ciety circles. The supremacy of the pen over the  
sword, and vice versa, has long been questioned in  
fiery words of oratory, and thus to have the time-  
honored subject thrust ruthlessly away was more than the sword members  
could well stand without gasping. If the blade was hereafter to be bossed by  
the pen there would be left but two historically recognized subjects for debate,  
viz: "Did the fish take the hook or the hook take the fish?" and "Shall we  
give women the ballot?"

Thus it is not to be wondered at that the debaters were a bit frustrated at  
the news consigning the blade to the eternal bow-wow and innocuous desue-  
tude. It was enough to make Demosthenes himself turn over in his cold,  
cold grave or tomb or mummied swathing or whatever else the old gentleman  
was in, slumbering.

The pen side was naturally pleased that modern warfare was on the  
 verge of decreeing the sword should be kicked onto the scrap pile for old  
junk. The sword of the Lady of Justice was in jeopardy and the scabbard of  
the Lady of Mercy might be "busted." Even the Chinaman's cleaver was to  
be hacked up and melted by the iconoclasts. The proud record of the blade  
was for the nonce forgotten.

The pen side refused to accept as good argument the cutting of the  
 Gordian knot at Gordium by Alexander. They scoffed at Joan of Arc and her  
 consecrated blade. They said: "Statesmen never that the sword is cumber-  
 some, uncouth and medieval. In modern warfare it is of little more use than a  
 woman's hat pin. Down with the sword! Only weapons that harvest death as  
 the sands of the sea are to be compared nowadays with the mighty pen that  
 thousands are scratching! The sword is a 'hand-me-down,' a simple and  
 vital a defenseless weapon. John Bull didn't put down the Boers with the  
 sword, Santiago was not taken with the sword, Dewey didn't do Manila with  
 the sword—nor did Hobson! Even the ladies longer refuse to kiss the sword,  
 that their lovers may be blessed in war. On the contrary, they osculate on the  
 scabbard and throw away the scabbard," is now obsolete. To be up-to-date, say:  
 "When you are ready, Gridley, fire!" That's American. The Scythians won't  
 abridge the sword and Mahomet ruled by it, governments have been won and  
 lost by it, Christians have been put to death by its point, tyrants throned by  
 its power. Caesar had a dozen swords and Nero was a sword despot—but that  
 was yesterday. To-day: a ban! the sword! Prince the rapid-fire guns and  
 clear the way! Down with poets and sword debaters! The pen has a new  
 enemy! He jabs the sword!"

And the sorrowful sword members, crushed by unequal odds, said they  
 guessed so! But they have plucked up new courage since the sword still  
 dangles at our military belt.

Speaking of pomp reminds that the family cow is becoming obsolete except  
 in the rural districts. Time was when residents were wont to have a brown-  
 eyed bovine in the family. Her clover breath was no  
 less famed than her butter and as an alarm clock in  
 the morning she was reliability itself. The docile  
 creature was referred to by the "women folks" as  
 "bossey." She was milked by pa when he came home tired at night and who  
 ever and annoy awake the echoes of the neighborhood, shouting: "So! So! Best!  
 Dura ye, so!" every time she got her tail in the milk pail or swatted him on the  
 neck with the burrs in the end of it. The boy of the household was yanked  
 out of bed every morning about 5:30 o'clock to drive the beast to pasture. His  
 parents told him the task taught him diligence. Usually he was too sleepy to  
 be diligent except when the cow wandered into a hardy sweet-corn patch and  
 the dogs chased her.

Every time company came ma would brag about "our cow" and show the  
 visitors how much milk she gave and how thick the cream was.  
 This was the status of the cow business in many little cities a few years  
 ago, but alas! a proud family sentiment has decreed that it is no more proper  
 to keep a cow than a pig, even though the bovine may not be kept in the parlor,  
 as the old song tells us the pig was. The rural mill man who was wont to sell  
 bran and "shorts," mixed corn and oats, to coddle bossey into "giving down her  
 milk" is authority for the statement that the town cow is fast disappearing with  
 her wonted toter toward the broad farms and the butcher's slaughter house.  
 The cruel and yet aesthetic hand of civilization has slapped the cow northwest  
 of her backbone and chased her ruthlessly out of the brick-paved streets and  
 the lawn tennis courts into the pastoral quietude of the country. She has been  
 made to feel that she is a plebeian rather than an aristocrat, and the passing  
 of the town cow is complete. Thick, rich cream is no longer known to the  
 younger generation, whose opinion of this luscious, yellowish product is rather  
 blue, to say the least. Vale! the town cow! Would she were a bird or a  
 gazelle that we might keep her ever with us and still be fashionable!

Where is the town pig? Like the town cow, he is no more! He was wont  
 to loiter behind the barn and wallow in cushioned beds of mud, but alack!  
 no longer does he herald the approach of the noon  
 hour. He has been relegated to the region beyond  
 the town's environs. His squeal is not heard in the  
 municipal land and his grunts of satisfaction are far  
 removed from the busy marts of trade. There was a time when many town  
 families fattened their own pork. They took gratification in showing a small  
 but vivacious swine how quickly he could swell into a hog and solve the prob-  
 lem of birth, life and an inglorious and unpremeditated death! It was, in fact,  
 but one short step with the pig from the sweet test of the mother to the gritty  
 brine of the grocery store-barrel. Only the Great Ever Watchful knows what  
 becomes of the old pan-cakes, the hard bread crusts and the gree-aples  
 Joanny couldn't eat, these days, with no pigs in town to gulp them down in  
 slushy gasps of approval. The pig, with the cow, has passed the rubicon of  
 the city out into the calmness of the countryside.

There was a time when most every country family raised a pig or two.  
 Time's sands have run to pug dogs, however, and a pig is no longer au fait!  
 A pig which smells, and a porker would be a bunch of Jacques roses if he didn't  
 smell, is a nuisance. The neighbors who have dogs won't stand nuisances—  
 and there you are!

The Family Cow  
vs.  
Modern Times.

The Town Pig  
Is Likewise  
Gone.

## We will sell

to every customer buying \$5.00 worth of goods  
AT ONE TIME FOR CASH

25 POUNDS OF SUGAR FOR \$1

—AT THE—

## UNION MERCANTILE CO

51-53 MAIN STREET "U. O." LOGAN, UTAH

## READ SOME OF OUR BARGAINS.

40 Bars Laundry Soap \$1.00	20 bars for 50c
20 lbs Sago 1.00	10 lbs. " 50c
20 lbs Tapioca 1.00	10 lbs. " 50c
10 lbs. Rice 1.00	8 lbs. " 50c
10 lb. package Raisins 1.00	5 lbs. " 50c
10 lb. p'k'ge Currants 1.00	5 lbs. " 50c
8 lbs. Lion Coffee 1.00	4 lbs. " 50c
8 lbs. Arbuckle Coffee 1.00	4 lbs. " 50c
Citron Peel.....	15c per lb.
Lemon Peel.....	15c per lb.

Goods may be bought in the Dry  
Goods Shoe grocery and glassware de-  
partment and added together to make  
a \$5 00 purchase and then get 25 lbs  
of sugar for \$1.00

Cash Sale! Positively No Credit!

## SPANDE FURNITURE CO.

THE LEADING HOUSE IN LOGAN FOR

All Kinds of Furnishings,  
Carpets, Linoleums, Ranges

Everything that is needed in equipping a house  
from top to bottom. PRICES REASONABLE.  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

All Stoves and Ranges Delivered and Set up for use.

Call and see us and you will not trade elsewhere

## The Royal Kandy Kitchen.

## Christmas

is at our door and it is time for you to  
purchase your your Xmas sweets. We  
have the choicest line of.....

candies, Nuts and  
Fruits

in the city. For our Xmas trade we  
have the CELEBRATED G. F. GUN-  
THER'S CHOCOLATES, of Chicago,  
also OUR OWN UNEXCELLED  
CHOCOLATES. Everything the  
best. We have the.....

Finest collection of  
Xmas Boxes

in the city and they would make a  
handsome present for anyone. You  
bet we have some PRETTY TRIM-  
MINGS for Xmas trees, as an inspec-  
tion of our stock will convince you.  
Our Motto: "NOT HOW CHEAP  
BUT HOW GOOD." Yours for  
candy.....

A. & L., Main St

## C. H. BAKER,

For Sale

13 West Center Street,  
Opposite Thatcher Bank.

Shoe Repairing a Specialty!

WILLIAM HOMER, Smithfield Ut.